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THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED

A CANADIAN PICTORIAL WEEKLY.

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MONTREAL AND TORONTO, 16th MARCH, 1889.

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In Memoriam.



THE LATE HONORABLE THOMAS WHITE.

From a photograph by Notman.

The Dominion Illustrated.

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16th MARCH, 1889.

PUBLISHERS' NOTICES.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Communications received from L.A.M., H.M.M., J.H.D., W.W.S., M.M., A.S. and K.A.C. will all receive due attention. Some of them are already in type and are only kept over through press of matter.

THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED PUBLISHING COMPANY.

The following notice has been published in the *Canada Gazette*—

Public notice is hereby given that Sir Donald A. Smith, K.C.M.G., M.P.; Hon. George A. Drummond, Senator; Andrew Robertson, Chairman Montreal Harbour Commissioners; Richard B. Angus, Director Canadian Pacific Railway; Hugh McLennan, forwarder; Andrew Allan, forwarder; Adam Skaife, merchant; Edward W. Parker, clerk; Dame Lucy Ann Bossé, wife of George E. Desbarats; Geo. Edward Desbarats, A.B., LL.B., publisher, and William A. Desbarats, publisher, all of the City of Montreal and Province of Quebec; Gustavus W. Wicksteed, Queen's Counsel, and Sandford Fleming, C.M.G., Civil Engineer, of the City of Ottawa and Province of Ontario, and J. H. Brownlee, Dominion Land Surveyor, of the City of Brandon and Province of Manitoba,—being all British subjects and residents of the Dominion of Canada,—will apply to the Governor General in Council for letters patent of incorporation under the provisions of "The Companies Act," 40 Vict. cap. 43.

The proposed corporate name of the company is: "The Dominion Illustrated Publishing Company, Limited."

The purpose of the company is engraving, printing and publishing.

The chief place of business of the company is to be Montreal.

The proposed amount of its capital stock is fifty thousand dollars. The number of shares is five hundred, and the amount of each share one hundred dollars.

The first or provisional directors of the company will be Sir Donald A. Smith, Hon. George A. Drummond, Andrew Robertson, Richard B. Angus, Sandford Fleming, George E. Desbarats, and William A. Desbarats, all of whom are residents of Canada.

Montreal, 4th March, 1889.

A few shares have been reserved for the Atlantic Provinces and British Columbia, as it is desired to have shareholders in every part of the Dominion. But early application will be necessary to secure these shares.

G. E. DESBARATS & SON,
Publishers,
Montreal.



It is said that Hudson's Bay shares have improved since the recent changes were made in the board. The better prices now current for furs have aroused expectations of a dividend.

One of the leading merchants of Boston, Henry A. Gould, voluntarily assigned on the 22nd inst., his liabilities amounting to nearly \$1,000,000, his assets being uncertain. Other large failures have also taken place.

Pope Leo the Thirteenth took occasion, on the presentation of felicitations on His Holiness's 79th birthday, to renew the protest against the Italian penal code. The eleventh anniversary of his coronation was observed with special ceremonies on the 3rd inst.

Something like a panic was caused in French financial circles by the suicide of M. Deufort Rochereau, a director in the Comptoir d'Escompte. The deceased banker had, it appears, had an angry interview with M. Hentsch, chairman of the same institution, just before he took his life.

The anti-Jesuit agitation in Ontario has reached an acute stage, of which the chief incident is the entering by the Order, through its lawyers, of an action for libel against the *Toronto Mail*, based on the imputation of a disloyal oath, which is distinctly disavowed. The outcome of the trial will be awaited with no small interest.

Considerable excitement prevails in the Church of England owing to the trial of the Bishop of Lincoln in a court presided over by the Archbishop of Canterbury for offence against the ritual law of the Church. Such a thing has been unheard of for more than two hundred years, and there is only a single precedent since the Reformation.

It is said that in the course of an interview which M. Zankoff, the Bulgarian statesman, recently had with the Czar, his Majesty disclosed his purpose with respect to the Bulgarian throne so far as to make known that he had a candidate in his mind, whose name would, in due time, be revealed; and that he had no intention of letting Russian influence be ignored in the Principality.

With the exception of a few necessary adjustments, no change is contemplated, either at the present or in the immediate future, in the tariff of the Dominion. The Finance Minister has only consented to any departure from the principle laid down where a revision seemed really called for in the interest of home industry, or to remove certain inequalities or anomalies—as in the flour and wheat duties.

In France the Tirard Ministry has proved stronger than the forecasts indulged in led the outside world to expect. It has, however, shown lack of calmness and forbearance by initiating a policy of deliberate persecution of General Boulanger. By forbidding deputations to wait upon him and prohibiting his old companions in arms to salute him, the Government shows a petty spite which is unworthy of a great nation.

Eastern and South-Eastern Europe have been considerably agitated by a succession of sensational events. Noteworthy among these has been the abdication of King Milan in favour of his young son, Alexander. The step was ascribed to

the delicate state of his health, which made it virtually impossible for him to attend to affairs of State. Rumour, nevertheless, assigns as the predisposing cause of King Milan's action the pressure of Muscovite influence.

Italy has passed through a Ministerial crisis. Rather than meet the House of Assembly with the new taxation measure which the financial exigencies of the country demanded, Signor Crispi resigned. Finding no capable successor, he eventually remodelled the Ministry, the most noteworthy change being the substitution of Signor Doda for Signor Magliani in the Department of Finance. He retained in his own hands the portfolios of the Interior and of Foreign Affairs.

The last confession, flight and suicide of Pigott, the informer, have given an entirely new significance to the work of the Parnell Commission. The whereabouts of the fugitive, who had made his way to Madrid, were disclosed by a telegram which he despatched to the *Times's* Dublin lawyer, Mr. Shannon. After being arrested, Pigott asked leave to go for his overcoat, and had hardly been a moment out of sight when the fatal shot was heard. His career was a long series of pecuniary straits and ingenious shifts to evade starvation at the expense of his own honour and of all who trusted to him.

The inauguration ball of the President of the United States was an unprecedented success from a financial point of view. There were 12,000 admission tickets sold, netting \$60,000, and it is expected that the receipts from the sale of tickets to the promenade concert, subsequently held in the ballroom, and from the sale of souvenir ball tickets, will bring the amount up to \$70,000. President Cleveland, it is to be regretted, abstained from being present, and thus the occasion was deprived of the attendance of Mrs. Cleveland, who, it is certain, would have been one of the belles of the ball.

The Hon. Mr. Robertson, ex-Treasurer of the Province, has made an earnest appeal for more careful economy and less of the spirit of partisanship, in the administration of Provincial affairs. Having shown that instead of the promised surplus there was, in the operations of last year when regarded from a regular and business standpoint, a deficit of \$314,571, he called on the peoples' representatives, as one of two who had sat in the House since 1867, to subordinate private and party interests to the good of the province and the country at large. Mr. Robertson's address was respectfully listened to by both sides of the House.

The Hon. Mr. Foster, Canadian Minister of Finance, in an able and comprehensive review of the financial affairs of the Dominion, gave promise of a surplus at the close both of the present fiscal year and at that of the ensuing year. The expenditure for the year ending June 30, he estimates at \$36,600,000, and the revenue at \$38,500,000, leaving a surplus of \$1,900,000; while for the year ending twelve months later the expenditure is set down at \$36,500,000, and the revenue at \$39,175,000, leaving a surplus of \$2,675,000. He also stated that no increase in the net debt of Canada would require to be made during the next three years.

On the 4th inst. President Harrison was inaugurated at Washington with considerable éclat. His inaugural address, which had been awaited

with some uneasiness, did not disappoint the expectations of the Protectionists who elected him. Its reference to foreign questions was firm and at the same time cautious. It touched on the Samoa imbroglio, and on the Canadian fisheries question. On this last point nothing was said to discourage Canadian statesmen who hope for a peaceful and satisfactory settlement of the long-vexed problem. If, as the President promised, "calmness, justice and consideration" characterize the diplomacy of our neighbours, Canada has really nothing to apprehend.

On the 5th inst. the Parnell Commission resumed its sittings and the Attorney-General related the circumstances connected with Pigott's flight, discovery, arrest and death. Communications received from him bore the signature of "Ponsonby." The President of the Commission, Mr. Justice Hannen, made, on the same day, an important ruling relative to the League's connection with the *Irish World*. He decided that the fact of the Nationalist cause having been aided by money raised through that journal's influence did not make the receivers responsible for opinions set forth in its columns. Evidence was, however, admitted as to the distribution of the *Irish World* by officials of the National League.

Before the inauguration various surmises had been hazarded as to the composition of the President's Government. The following are the nominations which he submitted to the Senate and which the Senate promptly confirmed:—James G. Blaine, of Maine, to be Secretary of State; Wm. Windom, of Minnesota, to be Secretary of the Treasury; Redfield Proctor, of Vermont, to be Secretary of War; W. H. H. Miller, of Indiana, to be Attorney-General; John Wanamaker, of Pennsylvania, to be Postmaster-General; Benjamin F. Tracy, of New York, to be Secretary of the Navy; John W. Noble, of Missouri, to be Secretary of the Interior; Jeremiah M. Rusk, of Wisconsin, to be Secretary of Agriculture.

King Milan of Serbia has abdicated in favour of the son of the lady who cannot be regarded otherwise than as his injured wife. The young King was born in 1876, and until his majority, which is fixed at his fifteenth year, the affairs of the country will be administered by a regency, under which it is understood the policy of the country will not be changed. This is but a pithy punishment for the King, who appears to have conducted himself as a husband and a sovereign in a most unbecoming manner. Princess Natalie was a Russian, and this abdication has, it is believed, been brought about under Russian influences, the Czar and his advisers apparently having nothing to fear from the triple alliance. King Milan continues in command of the forces and the ex-Queen returns to the country.

THE CHANGE OF PRESIDENTS.

Long before the arrival of Inauguration Day, the novelty of the situation brought about by the election of a chief magistrate has worn away. The retiring head of the nation has had time to resign himself to circumstances and has made preparations for the resumption of his ordinary business. For him and his family the change is certainly a momentous one. For four years he has been the supreme chief of 60,000,000 of people, has experienced a power which placed him on a par with the royalties of the old world, has lived in the

midst of an *entourage* which comprised whatever the nation contained of standing, wealth, talent, and beauty, and has been a centre of practical influence and authority, for which there is no exact parallel under any other *régime*. His ministers were of his own appointing and responsible to himself alone. Like the centurion in the Bible, he could say to one: Go, and he goeth; to another, Come, and he cometh; and to servants innumerable, Do this, and they obey. To be one day such a ruler and the next one of the 60,000,000 that owe allegiance to his successor, a lawyer looking for clients, or a merchant for custom, or the servant of a company, doing ordinary business and answering ordinary enquiries, is a revolution in its way, which only an equanimity, born of usage, could face calmly. Greater men than ex-President Grover Cleveland have, however, taken that step into obscurity, and it is no worse for him than it was for them.

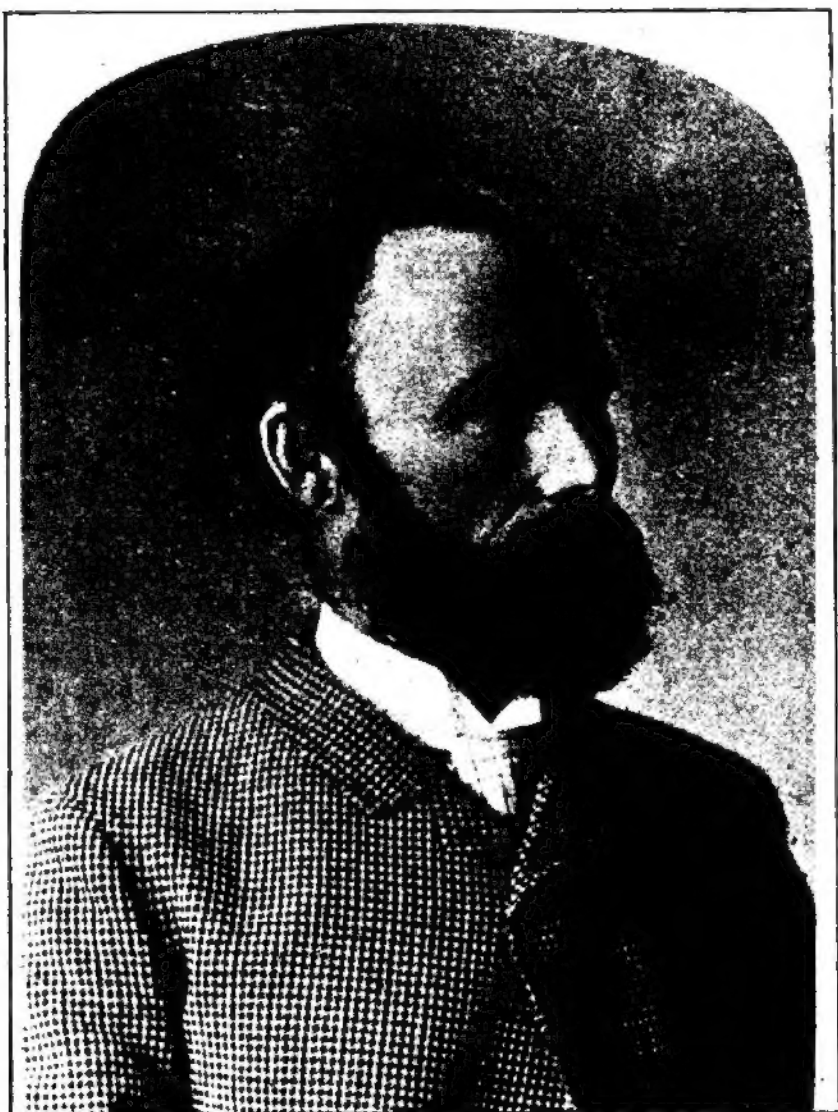
What concerns us chiefly is the foreign policy of his successor, especially as it affects the vexed question of the Fisheries. If Mr. Harrison's own voice were alone to be heard on the subject, we might await the course of events with a measure of confidence. If he is the just man that report represents him as being, he will not deem it *de rigueur* to assume a tone hostile to Canada merely because his Democrat predecessor, before the supposed exigencies of popular sovereignty had constrained him to stultify himself, had dealt generously in our behalf. His inaugural address gave promise of a fair consideration of our claims. But, on the other hand, his Secretary of State, Mr. J. G. Blaine, has at times presented an attitude towards Great Britain which the most favourable interpretation could not pronounce friendly. On him, as the President's chief minister, a great deal will depend. It cannot be disputed that the relations between us and our neighbours have been unpleasantly strained for some time past. Setting aside what could be attributed to mere electioneering agencies, the controversies on the Fisheries, on Commercial Union, and even on Annexation, open and undisguised, have complicated the points at issue to an extent that justifies a certain amount of anxiety. The complications thus caused have, moreover, been aggravated by our own divisions, by political agitation, and inter-provincial jealousy.

At the same time we have firm faith in the loyalty and patriotic pride of our people, both French and English, and are far from believing that a policy of surrender would gain the support of any important section of our population. Our federal system is undoubtedly being subjected to a test and a strain more trying than anything of the kind which it has been called upon to undergo since the passing of the British North America Act. But the coming of such strain and test was not unforeseen. Such critical stages occur in the development of all nationalities, and there is certainly nothing in the present situation to justify us in taking a pessimistic view of the future of the Dominion. With the abatement of sectional feeling and the growth of the broader sentiment of patriotism, there is every reason to hope that our country will enter ere long on an era of assured strength, of permanent stability, and of that enlarged influence to which fruition at home and appreciation abroad of our vast and manifold resources justly entitle us. If that spirit prevails and we be only true to ourselves, we may await

without apprehension the result of negotiations which our neighbours, we are assured by the President, will resume with "calmness, justice and consideration."

DISTRICT AGRICULTURAL COMPETITIONS.

Something like twenty years ago the Council of Agriculture of the Province of Quebec made it obligatory upon the different agricultural societies of the province to hold competitions for the best managed farms. The object was to create a spirit of generous rivalry among the farmers of the different districts, and thus promote the general benefit. This idea met with some opposition, on account of unwarranted prejudices, which, however, eventually vanished, and since that time something like ten such competitions have been held within the limits of each of the greater number of the eighty-three agricultural societies existing in the province. It was stipulated that each of these societies should offer at least five prizes respectively, of \$50, \$40, \$30, \$20 and \$10. These prizes thus amounted in all to \$150, which the expenses of the judges brought up to \$200. These sums came out of the generous grant for which the law provides, the amount thus distributed being about \$12,000 every two years, or in all \$120,000 so far. These prizes, in each of the societies, have fallen to about fifty fortunate individuals, the wisdom of the Council providing that the same person cannot take a prize more than once, thus discouraging less fortunate competitors. Unfortunately, owing to the lack of the necessary appliances, the Council of Agriculture itself has no knowledge of those who are the best farmers in the province as well as in each county. This matter is discussed by "Agricola," in the columns of the *Illustrated Journal of Agriculture*, who dwells at considerable length and with very much force upon the benefit that it would be for the mass of the farmers to be made acquainted with the men who conduct what may be termed model farms and the manner in which they administer them. The establishment of a model farm would itself supply all the information that is desired, but its cost and the attendant risks are so great as to render the carrying out of the idea a most difficult one. Moreover, there are many localities of equal eligibility for the purpose, while, in all these localities, competitions among the best managed farms would afford all the information that is desired, they themselves being models for the districts round about them. They would also at once become objects of interest, while it would take some building up to establish a model farm and the incurrence of no small amount of expense. The idea of these competitions is not a new one, and would most certainly be beneficial if carried into operation. The Bill now before the Provincial Legislature to establish district farm competitions and confer power and distinctions, by way of reward, provides that five years may be taken in which to carry out the preliminaries, thus reducing the difficulties of organization to a premium and giving time to choose the best men available as judges. Nothing, however, need delay action in the most advanced farming districts of the province, viz., those of Montreal and Quebec, in which our best known and most scientific farmers have been established. Competitions among farmers like these would, moreover, bring to the front many of the best and



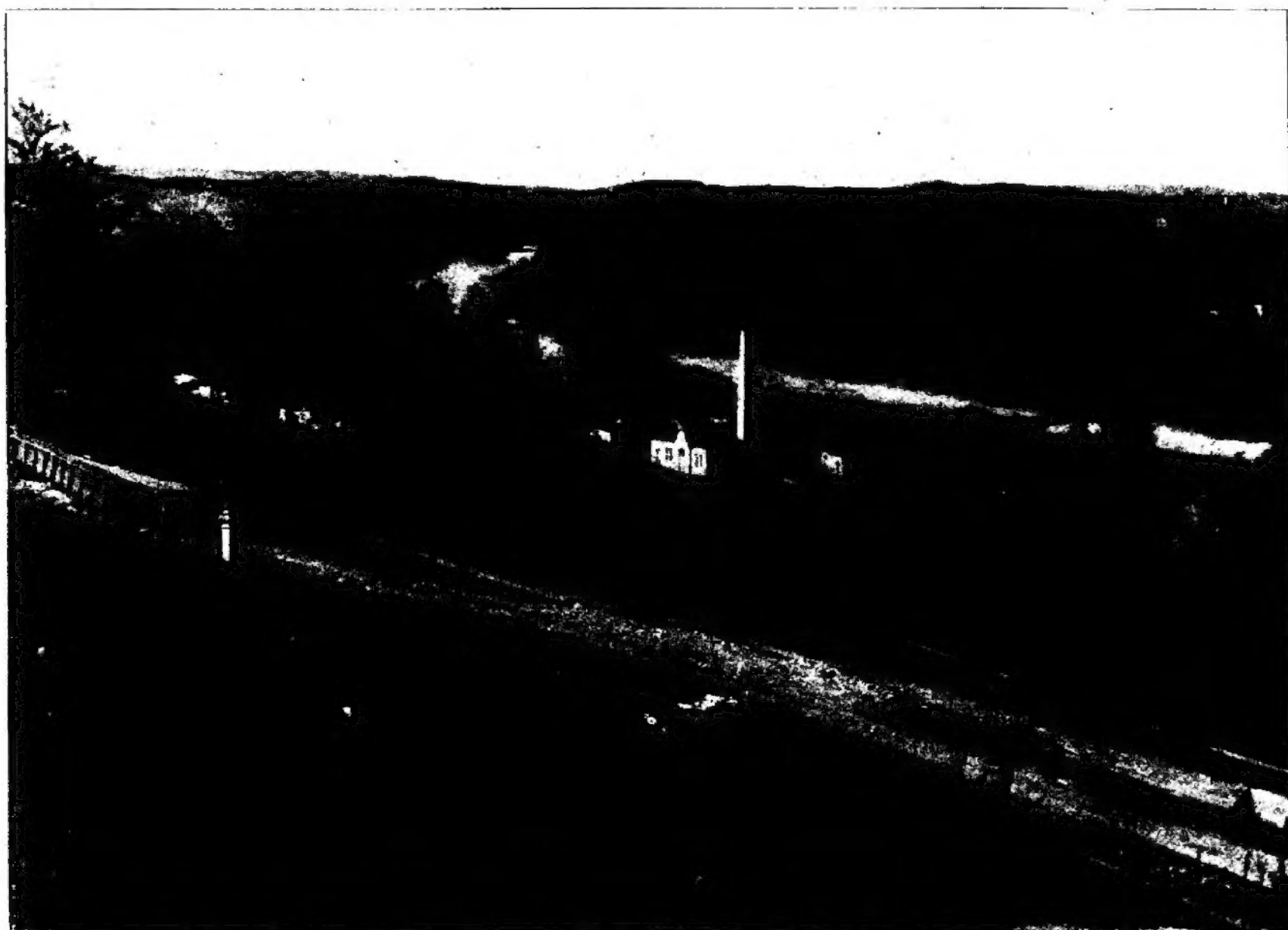
HON. G. W. ROSS,
MINISTER OF EDUCATION, ONTARIO.

From a photograph by J. Bruce.



HON. J. W. LONGLEY,
ATTORNEY GENERAL OF NOVA SCOTIA.

From a photograph by W. D. O'Donnell.

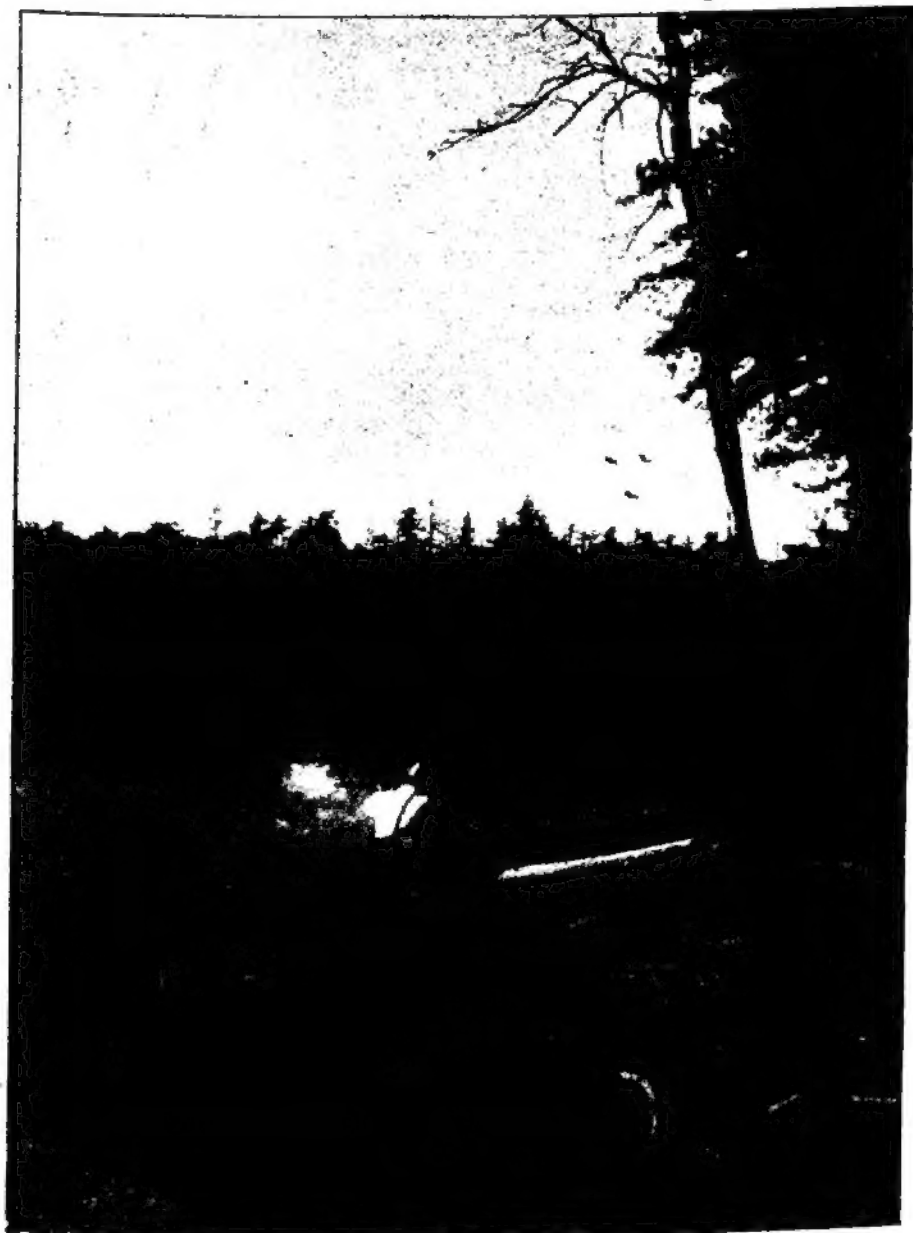


LONDON, ONT., WATER WORKS PUMPING STATION.

From a photograph by Cooper.

VIEWS NEAR TILSONBURGH, ONT.

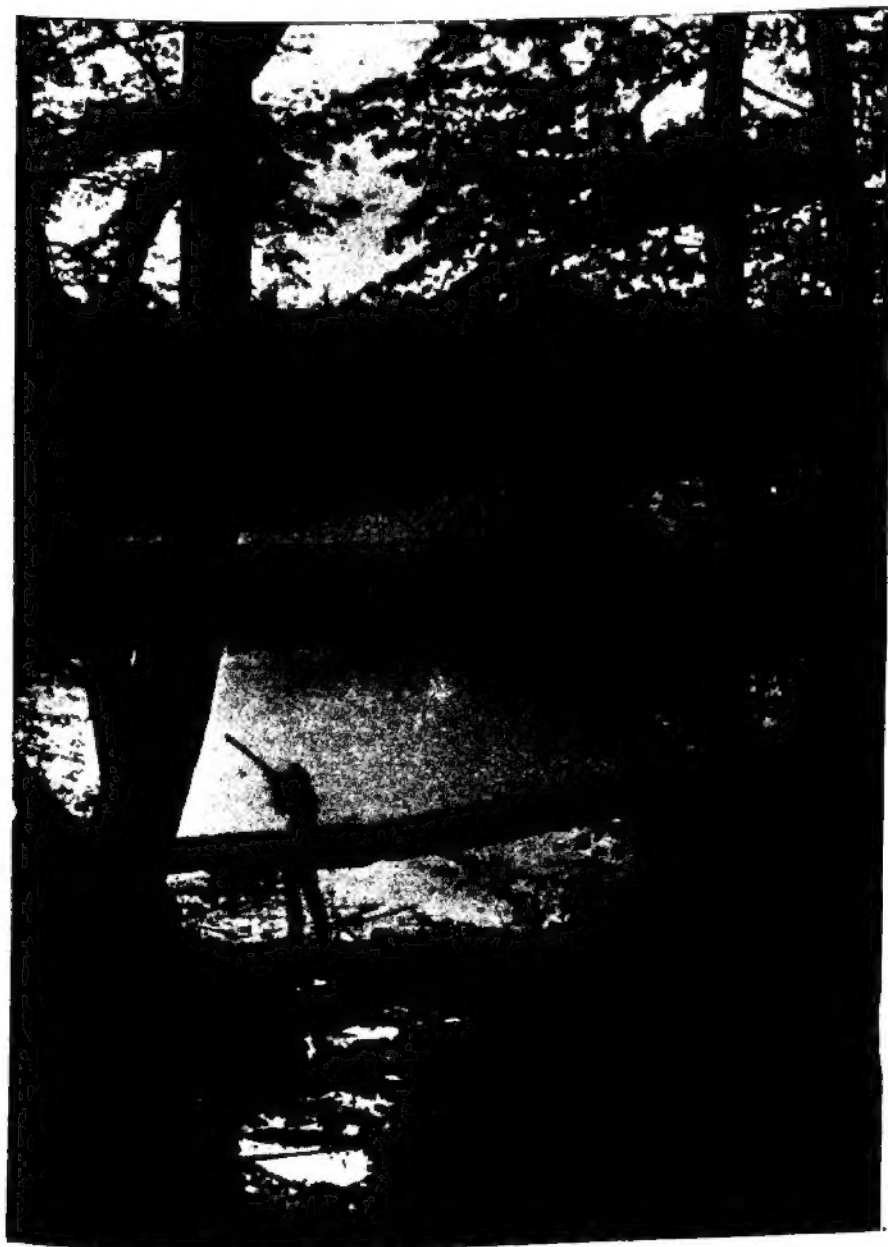
From photographs by F. Pollard.



DUCK SHOOTING ON LAKE ST. JOSEPH.



STONY CREEK.



VIEWS ON LAKE ST. JOSEPH.

most successful agriculturists whom we already have, and with this experience the work of organization could be completed without delay—almost at once, were it deemed so desirable—all the time the farmers being advantaged by the publication of the experiences of those particular men. The idea of the Council would be to exclude amateur farmers, or those who do not make their living from the soil, from carrying off the prizes thus offered, the amateur farmers receiving honorary distinctions also created under the Act. There can be no doubt that such district agricultural competitions would have an extraordinary and beneficial influence and would popularize the best methods of agriculture. In a word, such competitions as these would make known who are our best farmers, and their lands would themselves thus become models for the entire province. Their methods could be readily studied and imitated, since all their details would be published in the reports of the judges, while parish exhibitions, which are quite as desirable, could be made more generally available, there being devoted to them the sums at present expended on county shows.

LITERARY NOTES.

Professor Henry Nettleship has undertaken the editing for Messrs. Sonnenschein of Seyffert's Dictionary of Classical Antiquities.

"Another's Crime," a dramatic romance of real life, by Julian Hawthorne (from the diary of Inspector Byrnes, Chief of the New York Detective Force), has been commenced in *Cassell's Saturday Journal*.

Messrs. Swan Sonnenschein & Co. will have ready shortly a translation of Viktor Rydberg's Teutonic Mythology, edited from the Swedish, with notes, etc., by Rasmus B. Anderson, U.S. Minister at Copenhagen.

Mr. Charles Charrington, who, with Miss Janet Achurch, made such a hit in "Devil Caresfoot," is about to give a series of special morning performances at the Vaudeville Theatre, commencing on the 18th, of "The Love Story," by Pierre Leclercq.

Mrs. Lucy Toulmin Smith has translated a most interesting work on "English Wayfaring Life in the Middle Ages," by Dr. J. J. Jusseraud, counsellor to the French Embassy in London. It sheds much light on the rural life of England in the fourteenth century.

Professor Mahaffy, who is chiefly known by his works on Grecian history and literature, has turned his attention in another direction. His latest volume is an account of "A Tour through Holland and Germany." There is a good deal in it concerning Dutch and German art.

Mr. Walter Besant's new story, "For Faith and Freedom," deals with Puritan life in England in the seventeenth century. There is in it an interesting account of Monmouth's rebellion. The characters are well portrayed, there is no lack of incident, and the work is likely to enhance the author's reputation.

The Canary Islands are always interesting to ethnologists on account of the survivals found there of the curious old native race, the Guanches. Mr. Charles Edwards, who is known by an entertaining book on the Island of Crete, has traversed a good part of the Canaries on horseback and gives the results of his discoveries and observations in a volume which is highly commended.

A new and important work on Americanisms has just been brought out in London. The author, Mr. John S. Farmer, has been collecting information on the subject for years, not only in the United States, but in British America and the West Indies. The book is "privately printed" for the author, and the price places it out of the reach of all but well-to-do students. It is, in fact, an *édition de luxe*.

Messrs. Swan Sonnenschein & Co. have in the press a volume of "Essays and Addresses," by Mr. Bernard Bosanquet, late Fellow of University College, Oxford. The subjects discussed are chiefly of a social, religious or philosophical character. Mr. Bosanquet has also edited for the same publishers a translation of Dr. Schaffle's "Quintessence of Socialism," a summary of Socialist doctrine which has been translated into every European language.

The prospectus of "The Marlowe Memorial" has been issued, with Lord Coleridge as chairman, and Lord Tennyson, Lord Lytton, Mr. Robert Browning, Mr. J. R. Lowell, Canon Fremantle, Messrs. Dowden, Garnett, Grosart, A. W. Ward, H. D. Trail, A. Lang, A. C. Swinburne, Henry Irving, and others, as members of the committee. The proposal is to erect a work in sculpture—the scope and character of which must depend upon the amount of money subscribed—to the memory of Christopher Marlowe, at Canterbury. Subscriptions will be received by Mr. Sidney L. Lee, 26 Brondesbury-villas, London, N.W.



THE LATE HON. THOMAS WHITE, M.P., MINISTER OF THE INTERIOR.—We have a melancholy pleasure, in presenting our readers, in this issue of the DOMINION ILLUSTRATED, with a fine portrait of the late Hon. Thomas White, M.P., Minister of the Interior. To many of our readers who look upon those pictured features, they will recall happy hours spent in instructive intercourse with one of the ablest, the most patriotic and the most genial of our public men. In this city no face was, until 1885, more familiar or more welcome on the platform, in the business resort or the social circle than that of Mr. White. Never were the resources of a gifted mind and energetic spirit placed at the disposal of a community with more willing and complete self-surrender than that which characterized his career from his arrival in Montreal in 1870. He was then, in the course of events, brought back to his native place to take charge of the oldest and most important of Canadian journals. Though still a young man, he had at that time won, by conscientious devotion to duty, a reputation of which many might be proud as the crown of a long life's labour. Born in Montreal, in 1830, educated at its High School, he met, on his return, as joint proprietor and chief editor of the *Gazette*, with many old friends who had known him in boyhood. By name he was known to a much larger circle, for, although he entered Parliament comparatively late in life, he had for nearly twenty years been more or less intimately associated with all the great movements of the day—political, religious, educational. In the work of immigration he had taken an active part, and had only recently returned from a mission to Great Britain, which had a remarkable success. It was, indeed, the first effective attempt that Canada had made to convince the authorities at the metropolis of their debt to this great colony. How Mr. White came to be chosen for the task may be briefly explained. As most of our readers are aware, he came to Montreal from Hamilton, where, with his brother, Mr. Richard White, he had for several years conducted the *Spectator*. Before settling in Hamilton he had lived in Peterborough, where he was also engaged in journalism—the *Review* of that town having been founded by himself and Mr. Robert Romaine in 1853. From 1860 to 1864 Mr. White studied law in the office of the Hon. Sydney Smith, Q.C. The years of his residence in Hamilton were not the least industrious of his unceasingly active life. He soon became a prime mover in every undertaking that tended to promote the good of the city and district. There was hardly an enterprise of importance in Western Ontario as to which his counsel and co-operation were not requested. He was from the first an earnest worker in the cause of education. Even before he left Peterborough he had distinguished himself by his services in the Sunday school and by his efforts on behalf of temperance. Mr. White's friends know how consistent he was to the very last in urging by his own example the lessons of his eloquent words. Gradually, as the scope of his patriotic aims grew broader and more comprehensive, Mr. White had to leave some of his work to other hands, but his sympathies were ever strongly and unswervingly on the side of all moral reforms. The schools of Hamilton benefited not only by his ready advocacy, whenever there was call for a stimulating appeal to the public, but also by his generous help. He endowed the High School with a gold medal, which not a few who have risen to the front rank in the professions, in business or in politics, are proud to possess to-day. Railway extension had his warm support. It was his conviction that the Government should be more strenuous and persevering in establishing means of inter-communication, so that the country might be opened up and settled with all possible despatch. He was one of the most earnest promoters of the Wellington, Grey & Bruce line. But the object which, more than any other, perhaps, he had at heart in those distant years was to divert the stream of British emigration from the United States to our vast and rich unoccupied areas. Again and again he represented to the authorities the loss that Canada was sustaining in the sturdy farmers and labourers that passed her by to seek a home among strangers under an alien flag. It was only natural, therefore, when it was decided to send a commissioner to England to plead with the Government and people there for at least a share of the thousands that left the British shores, that Mr. White should be chosen. Before setting out a banquet was given in his honour by his fellow-citizens of Hamilton and Western Ontario. In speaking on that occasion, the mayor, Mr. O'Reilly, said that Mr. White had become a beneficent power to young and old, rich and poor. And as Mr. White had been in Hamilton, so was he all through his fifteen years in Montreal. Ever ready to speak, to write, to work for whatever good cause might need his services, he was constantly in demand, and his handsome, genial and inspiring presence was always welcome. Montreal will never forget him. He was nearly being one of our representatives in Parliament. Fate proved adverse, but he, nevertheless, was ever true to Montreal's best interests, and never lost faith in the grand destiny awaiting her. The period during which he was identified with the city's life was a period of wondrous development. To recount his services in the press as a member of the local and the Dominion Board of Trade, and in connection

with the various phases of manifold progress in which Montreal shared and sometimes anticipated the advance of the Dominion, would be to write the history of that period. Essentially loyal to his convictions, no man laboured more strenuously than Mr. White to bring about the change of administration that occurred in 1878. In the new Parliament elected in that year he had a seat, as a member for Cardwell—a seat which he held with acceptance till his lamented death. The Conservatives of that county did honour to his memory, and to the sterling, but less known, merits of his son, when they elected Mr. R. S. White, his successor in the editorship of the *Gazette*, to fill his place as their representative. We will not undertake just now to review Mr. White's parliamentary career. Seldom does it happen to a member of the House of Commons to have so large and varied an experience of public affairs before taking his place on the floor of the House. For more than twenty years before his election Mr. White had been one of the leading men of his party. In 1867 he was a candidate in South Wentworth for the Ontario Legislature. In 1874 he stood in Prescott County as a candidate for the Dominion Parliament. He was twice defeated in Montreal by majorities so trifling that his friends could not but deplore what seemed to be his persistent ill-luck. But Mr. White never lost heart. Those who saw him on each of those days of crisis, when the returns were announced to him had more reason than ever to admire a man whom no rebuff of fate could dismay. The enthusiasm with which they honoured him when, at last, his sorely tried patience was rewarded, took public shape in a dinner at the Windsor Hotel. The journalists of Montreal, without regard to party allegiance, united in presenting him with an address on that same occasion, and seven years later, when he was appointed Minister of the Interior, his colleagues of the press gave him a banquet at which Liberals sat side by side with Conservatives. Nor, indeed, was it among the members of the profession which he adorned and to which he was so warmly attached that Mr. White was esteemed by those whose views differed from his own. The whole community in Montreal, as in Peterborough and Hamilton, in earlier, and in Ottawa in later years, honoured him for talents and virtues of a high order and of a diversity rarely encountered in the same person. In early life he must have been a hard student to amass such a fund of information on all subjects of human interest. He had mastered the history of education and knew all the details of our own complex yet harmonious system. He was well read in literature, and his wonderful memory, cultivated thoroughly by the habit of attention, made him ever quick and accurate in quotation. His lecture on "Hood" gave a glimpse of one of his intellectual phases with which the public was far too seldom brought in contact, but to which those who met him at his own fireside were no strangers. His knowledge of economic questions was far-reaching and masterly. Only after long study and deep thought did he arrive at the conclusion that for a country situated like Canada the only hope of industrial and commercial progress lay in Protection. On religious and social subjects his opinion had been formed with like deliberation. A moderate son of the Anglican Church, his intimate acquaintance with parliamentary methods made him an authority on the proceedings and debates of the Diocesan and Provincial Synods. He was always chosen when it was necessary that the Church in Canada should be represented abroad, having served as delegate to the congresses and conventions of the sister body in the United States. In works of charity and benevolence he was untiring all the years of his manhood. But, when the history of these our times comes to be written, it will be the glory of Thomas White that he sacrificed himself on the altar of his country's service. The portfolio that was entrusted to him in the early fall of 1885 was that of a department that demanded the energies of three men instead of one. Probably none but those who shared with Mr. White in the administration of the affairs of the Interior during the thirty months or so that he was at the head of them have any idea of the constant strain which so much work and so much responsibility imposed on an earnest, conscientious, self-sacrificing man of Mr. White's rare type. Of all the tributes to his memory the most pathetic to those who knew the truth as to the degree of his devotion were those published in the Northwest press. From Algoma to Port Arthur, and on to Regina, Prince Albert, Battleford and MacLeod—through the whole length and breadth of that vast region which he had done so much to organize, to tranquillize, to render prosperous and contented and hopeful—there was but one testimony. Every district claimed him as its peculiar friend. Years before he dreamed that the journey and the knowledge gained by it would be of any practical service to him Mr. White had visited the Northwest to see for himself the wonders of which he had heard so much at second hand. Trudging on laboriously in cumbrous conveyances over roads that were mere trails, sheltering himself from storms beneath his wagon where now the tourist luxuriates in palace cars, gathering by observation and question all that he could learn of the country and its prospects, he came back stored with information which, as journalist and legislator, he found extremely useful. But when he took charge of the Interior, he was determined to see it all over again, to mark the changes that had taken place, to satisfy himself as to the situation of settlers, Indians and half-breeds, to hear what grievances had to be redressed, to penetrate to the very core of the existing unrest, and, having ascertained its source, to devise and apply the necessary remedy. How Mr. White wrought for the two years and a half of his administration, so wofully cut short, the *Prince Albert Times*, the *Saskatchewan Herald* (Battle-

ford), the MacLeod *Gazette*, and other journals of the Northwest, have testified in terms that reflect credit on the writers as well as on him whom they delighted to honour. In those obituary notices nothing is more touching than the feeling which they reveal that by Mr. White's death every district, every village, every resident, had lost a personal friend. "In no corner of the Northwest," says the MacLeod *Gazette*, "will the death of Mr. White be more sincerely regretted than in the MacLeod district, which he visited in 1886, and where he and his estimable family carried the hearts of all who met them by storm. The same fine qualities which made him beloved throughout the Dominion won for him here many lifelong friends, who feel that his place, so far as they are concerned, can never be filled." And that was the feeling wherever Mr. White was truly known. Those who knew him best loved him best.

The subject of the memorial window which has been placed in St. George's Church, Montreal, by a number of his friends, is peculiarly appropriate as well by reason of the profession to which the hon. gentleman belonged as of the position which he occupied as a public man. He was a public man, and a conscientious one, his every aim and object to benefit and instruct those by whom he was surrounded. The figures are based upon the following text: "And Samuel heard all the words of the people, and rehearsed them in the ears of the land." The prophet is represented, in his flowing oriental robes, listening, with uplifted hands, to the elders who stand round about him. The colouring is rich but chaste, the posing of the figures forceful and suggestive; the drapery graceful. The effect is at once calm and attractive. The upper ornamental parts of the window are filled with designs of angels and passion flowers. At the base is the lettering:

In memory of Hon. Thomas White, P.C., M.P., Minister of the Interior and Superintendent-General of Indian Affairs, Canada. Born August 7th, 1830; died April 21st, 1888. Erected by friends in Montreal.

The window is a more than ordinarily fine specimen of stained glass art, its details being brought out in a wonderfully striking manner. It is after designs by and was executed under the supervision of Mr. Charles Elliott, in London, England, Messrs. Spence & Sons, of Montreal, having been entrusted with the work.

HON. GEORGE W. ROSS, LL.D. (West Middlesex), is of Celtic origin. His family came to Canada from Ross-shire, Scotland, 1832. Born in the county of Middlesex, Ont., 18th September, 1851; educated there and at the Provincial Normal School, Toronto. Married Christina, fourth daughter of Duncan Campbell, Esq., of Middlesex. (She died August, 1872.) Married again in 1875, Miss Boston, of Lobo, Co. Middlesex. Is an LL.D. of Albert University, 1883. Has been editor of the *Strathroy Age* and of the *Seaforth Express*, both Reform journals. Was local superintendent of both townships, and in 1871 appointed county inspector of schools at East Lambton. During the time the agitation was going on for the establishment of Normal Schools he took a leading part in the movement set on foot for the creation of the County Model Schools, and after their establishment he prepared the syllabus of lectures. From 1876 to 1880 he was a member of the Central Committee of Examiners. Has been for many years a leader in the temperance and prohibitory movements in Canada, and in 1879 was elected Most Worthy Patriarch of the National Grand Division for North America, and presided over the deliberations of the Sons of Temperance for two years at Washington and at Cincinnati. Was an Honorary Commissioner at the Colonial and Indian Exhibition held in London, England, 1885. First returned to the Commons at general election of 1872; re-elected by acclamation at general election of 1874; re-elected at general election of 1878, and again at general election of 1882; unseated in October, 1883, for bribery by agents; appointed Minister of Education for Ontario, 23rd November, 1883, and was elected to Legislative Assembly for present seat 15th December, 1883. Re-elected at last general elections. A pronounced Reformer.

HON. J. W. LONGLEY was born at Paradise, Annapolis County, in 1849. He graduated from Acadia College in 1849; was admitted to the Bar of Nova Scotia in 1875; elected to Provincial Parliament for Annapolis County in 1882; sworn a member of Government in 1884; appointed Attorney-General in 1886, and re-elected the same year. Mr. Longley is one of the most powerful political writers in Canada, an effective platform orator, and is said to be one of the cleverest after-dinner speakers in the Dominion. His name has obtained a wide reputation for his advocacy of the policy of unrestricted reciprocity with the United States. Mr. Longley was the first man in Canada to propound such a policy as a practical issue, and promulgated it patiently and persistently long before it was adopted by the political party with which he is actively associated.

THE WATER WORKS PUMPING STATION, LONDON, Ont., is remarkable for its lovely situation, as any one will admit who looks at our engraving. Londoners claim that their water works take the lead in the Dominion. They are about four miles from the city, the reservoir being on the highest point in the Township of Westminster. The cost of the works amounted to about \$500,000. The entrance and surroundings to the works are strikingly attractive, and in the summer season very beautiful. The water is supplied from springs, known as Coombs, and is remarkable for its purity. The trout ponds in connection are twenty feet deep, and still the bottom is clearly discernible.

LAKE ST. JOSEPH, formerly called Tillson's Pond, is a beautiful sheet of water, about five miles in length, with very charming scenery. It is a much frequented and lovely resort in the summer time, as it affords splendid fishing, while in the vicinity the huntsman can find all the sport he desires. About three miles up there are most attractive picnic grounds, which are much frequented during the boating season, hereabouts being a favourite camping spot for excursionists. Its proximity to Tillsonburg materially adds to the attractions of that thriving town. Lake St. Joseph derives its name from the late esteemed and venerable Joseph Van Norman, who, on his ninetieth birthday, accompanied by a party of friends, undertook a trip up the Otter River for a distance of two miles and a half, their point of destination being "christened" "Lake St. Joseph" with all due ceremony. As our illustration indicates, duck shooting is one of the great attractions of the Lake, and capital bags are frequently taken. Stoney Creek is a small stream running into the Otter River, and, like many of the other tributaries of the Otter, supplies excellent trout. Tillsonburg, as has been indicated, is about two and a half miles from Lake St. Joseph and has a population of about three thousand souls. It has splendid railway and shipping facilities, which have rendered it an important business point; while, its water privileges having been well utilized, its mill products have gained a name and a reputation throughout the Dominion and in many of the Eastern States. It is a well known and important produce market, and with its delightful site, its splendidly laid out streets, its substantial and elegant church, school and commercial buildings, Tillsonburg is scarcely surpassed by any town of its age in the Dominion.

THE ST. LOUIS LACROSSE CLUB TUG-OF-WAR TEAM, whose photo we publish to-day, is the one which defeated the Thistle Lacrosse Club team in the famous contest which took place in the Quebec Skating Rink on the 14th December last. The St. Louis is a young club formed since May last and already has a membership of over 100. In October a tug-of-war team was trained and succeeded in defeating the well known Thistle team, who also compose the Quebec Snowshoe Club team, and the team of No. 4 Company, 8th R.R. The average weight of the men is 168½ lbs. These brawny youths are a good sample of the development produced in our bracing climate by well directed athletic exercises. We are glad to see that our fellow-countrymen of French origin do no intend to let our Celtic and Saxon athletes have the field all to themselves. A friendly rivalry in manly sports will promote good fellowship, and tend to form a powerful and united Canada.

THE PEACEMAKER.—Though one of the youngest of Royal Academicians, his election dating only two years back, Mr. Marcus Stone has done work to which even the most famous of his colleagues might not disdain to set their signatures. The engraving with which we present our readers to-day is an excellent example of his best thought and style. The scene interprets itself. We see the old English pleasure-ground in its summer beauty, the lakelet with the swans, the sloping sheep-field beyond, the accustomed trysting-place of lovers long enough in love to have, at least, the first of lovers' quarrels. What caused it, we know not; but those who are familiar with the writings of Miss Austen and other popular novelists of the beginning of this century will be at no loss for precedents. As for the parallels, they may be found in all ages and climes, for the story is as old as humanity. The painter has, however, fixed the period by his choice of costumes. The concern depicted on the face and in the expectant attitude of the lover, the evident relenting of his mistress at the soft yet forceful pleading of her younger sister, whose lovely face is in harmony with her reconciling mission, and the suggestions of intimacy and confidence in the rendezvous which is soon to witness a renewal of fondest pledges, all indicate the feeling, taste and tact of the artist. It is, in fine, a charming picture.

GOVERNMENT HOUSE, ST. JOHN'S, Nfld.—Among the various public buildings of St. John, Nfld., Government House and the Parliament House are the most important. Government House is situated on a plateau stretching inland and presents a grand appearance. It is in style rather old fashioned, having in fact no architectural pretensions; nevertheless, it is plain, substantial and spacious. Moreover, like almost all buildings of a recently passed period, every provision was made in it for accommodation and comfort, which cannot by any means be always said of the structures which are the fashion to-day, almost everything being sacrificed in them to appearances. Government House was erected in 1828, at a cost to the Imperial Government of £20,000 sterling. Its grounds are artistically laid out, the walks and drives around being sufficiently romantic. Our sketch was taken in winter and presents a scene that will be familiar to many persons in all parts of the Dominion. In subsequent issues we shall have more to say about the Island of Newfoundland, which, though not a part of the Canadian Dominion, is bound to it by business and other ties that are almost as strong as those of political union.

THE FISHERIES are among the great, indeed, they are the chief industries of Newfoundland. The illustration which is given in this issue represents two sealing vessels off Harbour Grace, the second town on the island, whose harbour is exceptionally fine and important. It is one of the great business centres and is a port much frequented by both fishermen and sealers. It is situated in Conception Bay, a most important seat of population, while the vessel in the foreground is the well-known sealer "Vanguard," whose exploits and successes in the sealing fleet are the theme of annual report.

RED AND BLUE PENCIL.

Mr. Bliss Carman thanks us for saying pleasant things about his work. Why, what else could we say? We are only too glad to have gifted Canadians in sympathy with our own work, and of Mr. Bliss Carman's genius there can be no doubt. We base our judgment not on his acceptance by American editors—though we know the value of the approval of men like the conductors of the *Atlantic Monthly* and the *Century*—but on the clear signs of inspiration given by such a lyric as "The Wraith of the Red Swan," which we have now the pleasure of presenting (with "The Legend" itself to the readers of the DOMINION ILLUSTRATED.

A gifted spirit like Herr Heinrich Bohrer cannot be forgotten. The clergyman and friend—himself a musician—who writes his "In Memoriam" is not alone in his regrets. The companionship of such a man leaves thoughts too deep for tears and hopes that do not die.

We beg to acknowledge the receipt of a delightful letter from Mr. Charles Mair, of Prince Albert, N.W.T., as to the contents of which we shall have more to say in our next number. Meanwhile, we fully appreciate its kindness and confidence, and are grateful for its good wishes to the DOMINION ILLUSTRATED. It is a feather in D. I.'s cap to be praised by the author of "Dreamland," "Tecumseth" and "The Last Bison."

We have to thank a lady correspondent for some timely information regarding a family—or rather, two families—with which Montreal has ties of interest and gratitude. It seems that a recent telegram from Ottawa, in announcing the death of Mr. A. McGill Desrivieres, gave it to be understood that that gentleman was a grandson of "the late Peter McGill, founder of McGill College, Montreal." As no notice has been taken of it, I venture," says our correspondent, "to send you this communication for the purpose of drawing attention to the misstatement." She then adds the following interesting particulars:—

"The founder of McGill College was the Hon. James McGill (not Peter), who died in 1811. He had no children, but was connected with the Desrivieres family by his wife, who was, I believe, an aunt of Mr. Francois Trottier Desrivieres, and of his cousin James McGill Desrivieres, who was called after the Hon. James McGill. The Hon. Peter McGill was not related to the Hon. James McGill. His name had originally been McCutcheon, which he changed to McGill at the request of an uncle who left him a large fortune. He was a well known merchant and was for many years President of the Bank of Montreal. He died in 1860."

In that storehouse of multifarious knowledge regarding old Montreal and its leading men, the Rev. Dr. Campbell's "History of the Scotch Presbyterian Church, St. Gabriel street, Montreal," biographical sketches are given both of the earlier and the later McGill, but the sketch of the former happens to lack just the details which our correspondent has so kindly sent us.

The series of "Poems of Places," edited by Longfellow, comprises many volumes, in which Canada is not unrepresented. A neat little anthology might, indeed, be compiled out of Canada's own contributions to that class of poetry. Nevertheless, not many poems deal expressly with the origins of our geographical names—a subject on which something has been, but much remains to be, written. Here is a dainty piece from an enchanter (one of the real ones, though she chooses to masquerade), on the origin of

PICTON.

When Waterloo's thunders affrighted the earth,
When Waterloo flashed its dread fires on the sky,
A thousand bright heroes in carnage had birth,
A thousand bright heroes were born but to die.

There Picton stood forth like a rock in the storm;
He moved not, he failed not, though legions oppressed,
Though death in each missile assailed his proud form,
Though death at each moment some hero had blessed.

And so for such valour (a tale like to those
Metamorphoses told in Ovidian story)
Great Picton is now, as all the world knows,
A beautiful town. Isn't that enough glory?

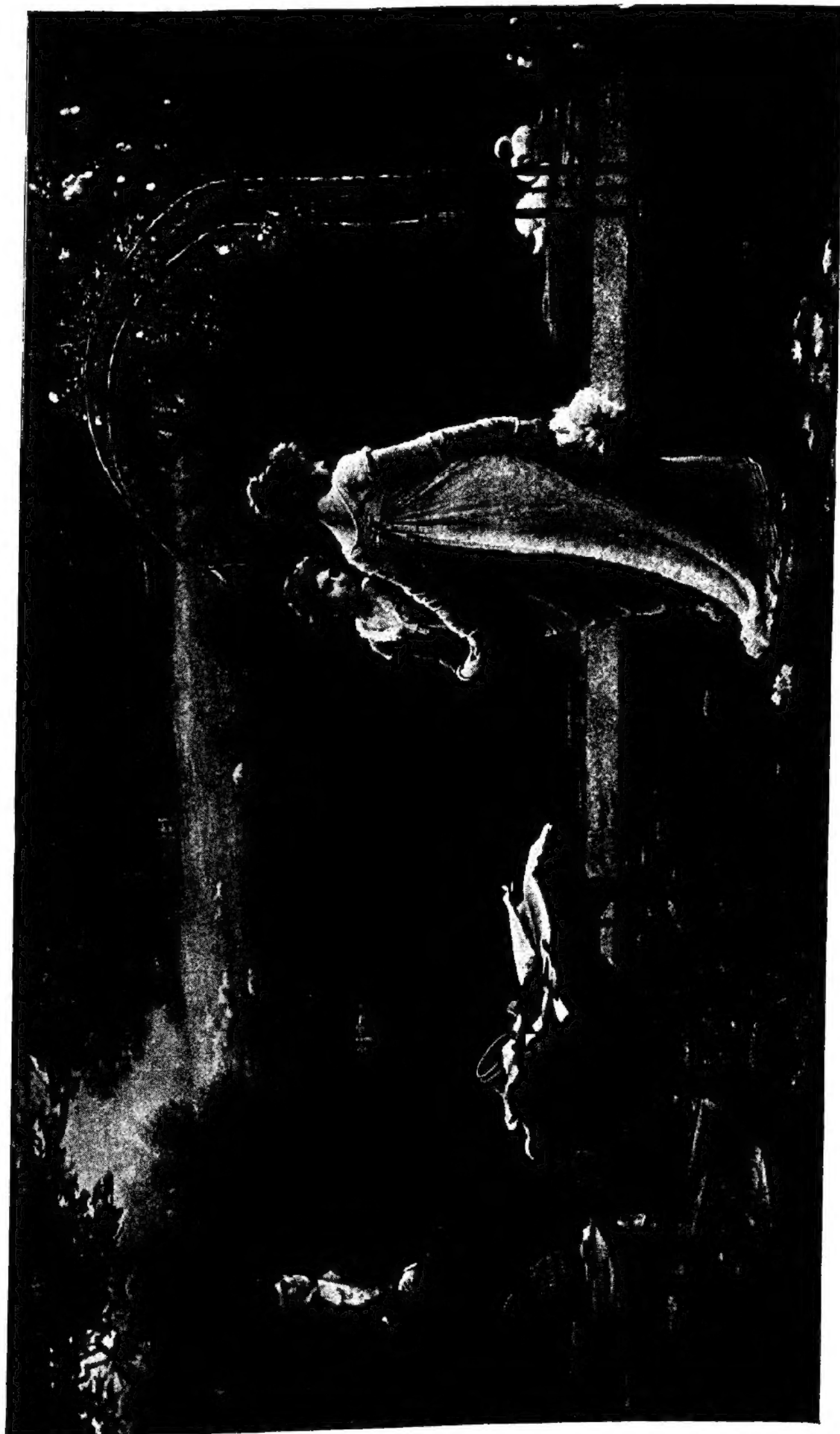
—Merlin.



LOUIS GAGNE CASAUPT PELLETIER F. E. TRUDEAU J. F. DAGEAU DR. E. CASGRAIN, PRESIDENT ERNEST ST. PIERRE ARTHUR PICARD, CAPTAIN LOU S. M. PARANT CHS. ARCHER F. X. PARANT J. G. LEFRANCOIS ELIAS MAILLOUX FELIX TURCOTTE ANATOLE MAILLOUX

ST. LOUIS LACROSSE CLUB TUG OF WAR TEAM, QUEBEC.

From a photograph by Livernois.



THE PEACE-MAKER.

From the painting by St. ne.
Photograph supplied by G. E. Macrae, Toronto, Director of Canada of the Soule Photograph Company.

The Lady in Muslin.

"And you know, Mark," he continued, very much with the air of a schoolboy who was forcing himself to have it out and make a clean breast of it, "it isn't that"—(what? I wondered)—"but because honour forbids, and even your own words, that I don't even now—"

Again he paused, excessively embarrassed, and evidently annoyed at being so embarrassed.

I felt a little hurt. "If you mean, Richard," I said coldly, "that after this evening's occurrence I think myself entitled to your confidence, and that you must still decline to give it me, all I reply is that your opinion of me is not very generous."

"I don't mean that, either," he answered, looking excessively pained; "however, it's no use saying more; I only make a hash of explanations—I always did."

I was rather amused, in spite of my annoyance, at Dick's imagining he had been explaining anything by his intense muddle and his broken sentences; however, I turned quietly away, and took pretty good care to end them by making, and encouraging, no further remark from Gaunt on the matter.

Dick broke the silence in a few minutes by observing in a low voice—

"Miss Owenson is still with Cecile; she has offered to remain with her the night, in company with the landlady."

"Very kind of her," I answered, with another of those reproachful pangs at having ever suspected her of anything but the most disinterested kindness to Cecile.

"Very," Gaunt said; "particularly considering her former evident dislike to the child. Women certainly are incomprehensible," he added.

He had scarcely finished speaking when the door opened, and in came the very subject of our remarks.

Whether she had heard or not was impossible to discover by her countenance; when she turned to the light, however, I fancied her eyes regarded Gaunt with a slightly anxious look.

"Cecile is sleeping," she said, "so I came to beg of you to lend me a book."

Such a request was the most natural that could be made, and it was proffered in the most natural tone in the world.

We both rose, and Gaunt, offering her his chair, begged her, though in a constrained voice, to sit down, adding that as Cecile was sleeping there was no occasion to hurry back to her. I did not quite understand why Gaunt's manner should have changed; certainly I had not seen them together since the portrait scene, and then they had not parted on the best terms; it might be a lingering sulkiness.

Margaret would not stay. She said briefly she had undertaken a duty, and she wished to fulfil it properly. Cecil was feverish and restless—she did not like to leave her; and again she requested Gaunt to lend her some light book that would not send her to sleep.

There was something very decided in her manner of refusing our invitation to stay. Perhaps she was offended at something she had overheard us say—or perhaps—but in spite of the respect I had for her real purity, I could not help feeling this "perhaps" very vague—Miss Owenson's sense of propriety was shocked at the idea of sitting alone with two young men in their own apartment at that hour; at any rate she firmly refused the chair. At the furthest end of the room was Dick's closet of private valuables: here he kept his pet pipes, his choicest cigars, his writing-case of love relics, his few books, etc., etc., and thither he went to search for a novel: not a little puzzled, I guessed, as to the selection he should make among the works of light literature which he considered amusing reading.

He stood for so long, lamp in hand, before this receptacle of rubbish, that, perhaps, it was as much weariness as curiosity that suddenly inspired Miss Owenson to go and assist his choice.

"A various collection, I must say," I heard

Margaret exclaim, and turning round I saw her standing in front of the closet, her eyes eagerly regarding within. "Pipes, canisters, books, bottles, and heaven knows what!"

Gaunt made some rejoinder, and then they began searching among the books. The door was half closed upon them, and from where I sat I could scarcely distinguish what they said. They spoke in low tones—Margaret especially; from Gaunt now and then I heard the word "Cecile," and from his softened way of speaking I imagined he was thanking (probably in the same muddled manner he had thanked myself) Miss Owenson, and was making his peace with her. Suddenly the door was opened, and I heard Margaret exclaim, "Ah! Mr. Gaunt, you have at least one curiosity among your treasures; that Indian box, there, how very pretty?"

"Oh! an old thing—nothing curious in it," Gaunt replied. "I can assure you my amber mouthpieces and this carved hookah are very much more valuable and curious."

"No doubt, in your estimation. Will you let me look at the box, though? I take a strange interest in anything Indian."

Gaunt coughed. "I should be very happy," he answered hastily, "only it's full of papers—family papers."

"Oh! I beg your pardon for being so indiscreet, then. I don't quarrel with you, Mr. Gaunt, you see," and I heard Margaret's laugh come softly and pleasantly, "as you did with me about the portrait." As she spoke she came away from the closet. "Mr. Owen, I must apply to you; your friend has nothing really readable," she said, sitting down in Gaunt's armchair, apparently quite oblivious of her recent anxiety to fulfil the duty she had undertaken. A couple of hours passed before she did recollect it, and then it was brought to her remembrance by the landlady's voice observing (discreetly) behind the door, "I think, ma'am, Miss Cecile ought to take her draught now."

Miss Owenson disappeared in an instant.

XIV.

A LITTLE OLD LADY.

Little Cecile passed a very weary night; and the next morning, instead of verifying the doctor's prophecy of finding her almost well, found her, instead, in a high fever.

Our position was rather embarrassing; and Gaunt and I held a very anxious consultation over the breakfast-table as to what was to be done. As far as the little invalid's comfort was concerned, there was no reason to be uneasy: a kinder nurse than the gay lady of the cottage, we were soon convinced, it would be impossible to find. Unweary, patient, soft of hand, and sweet-voiced, none were better fitted than she to soothe a sick couch.

Still, it was a rather awkward thing for two young men, living as we were, to have a sick child on our hands, and be obliged to trust to the kind offices of a stranger like Miss Owenson.

(To be continued.)

IN MEMORIAM.

HEINRICH BOHRER: OBIT. 5TH FEB., 1889.

Something more than the bare announcement of his death is due to Herr Heinrich Bohrer. May I offer the following tribute?

Many years ago the writer, always interested in musical intelligence, read an account of the debut of a young pianiste at Stuttgart, in Bavaria, in which it was prophesied by the critic who wrote the account that this young musician was destined to surpass all musicians who had preceded him, both as a player and a composer. The critic had evidently caught the enthusiasm of the occasion; but there must have been something in the occasion, for German critics are usually cool and dispassionate. Accordingly, the present writer for many years looked for the appearance of a musical phenomenon who should answer to the above

description, but none presented itself to his observation, and the expectation was given up.

One Sunday morning in the hot months (I think it was July) there appeared in a church in the country (St. James, Stanbridge East) two tall strangers, one of either sex, who took a place in the congregation. They were quite unlike country people. They entered when the *Te Deum* was being sung, and it did not add to the comfort of the organist to recognize Herr Bohrer, whom she had seen in Montreal. The lady was, presumably, Madame Bohrer. Service over, the congregation went away. It was found out that Madame Bohrer had taken rooms and board in the parish for the hot season. In due time they were called upon, and the call was returned. Other calls were made, and the subject of music was opened naturally by their attendance at church. Later on they gave a concert, which did fairly well for a country place.

Some time after troubles commenced, which ended in the lady refusing to live in Montreal, and he refusing to live in New York. Thenceforward their homes were separate, though they seemed devoted to each other when I saw them together. During this time I received several visits from Herr Bohrer. It was one of his delights to come where he could find rest and quiet and shade from the heart of the city. In conversation he made a casual allusion to his debut when a young man at Stuttgart. It struck me. Slowly came back to my recollection the forgotten *critique* on the concert at Stuttgart. The very name was recalled—the same—only with a slight difference in the spelling. And I had had in my house the very man whose early appearance had interested me! It was a strange occurrence. I had expected to hear of him, if at all, in London, the place to which all rising musicians gravitate. The fact was, he did make his way to London, where he married the brilliant Miss Josephine Chatterton, the daughter of F. Chatterton, the harpist.

I should like to do justice, were I able, to his musical powers—unappreciated, I fear, in Montreal. I have heard many good, and some great, pianistes; among the latter, Thalberg. I have known audiences cold under Thalberg, driven into ecstasies by the wonderful dexterity of Liszt, when he was performing his clever gymnastics and damaging the instruments on which he played. Among all the players I have heard, next after Thalberg, Heinrich Bohrer pleased me most. He "played up" to his composer's intentions better, and always kept his great powers of execution in subordination to the music he was interpreting. He was heard at his best in his beloved "Chamber music," with a very small audience, who shared with him the love of Bach ("glorious Bach, as he loved to call him), of Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Liszt, Heuselt, and a host of other names in his ample repertoire. It was a great delight so to meet him. I would scarcely venture to estimate him as a composer, for his works would need a careful study to do it with justice. He shewed me some of his music in manuscript and played it for me at times. The manuscript was a model of work, showing careful musical scholarship. It was written, in a refined and delicate hand, on a staff smaller than that of ordinary music paper. Some of it was of a most profound character and thoroughly German. I suppose it must be in the possession of some one, and I trust it will be cared for.

Herr Bohrer was a man of refinement and cultivated tastes beyond his own special line. He loved a clever book and usually brought one or two with him to read under the shades around my parsonage, whose quiet and coolness he enjoyed much. The one wish of his heart was to be able to gain for himself a quiet and refined home. He left Montreal. My last sight of him was in Notre Dame street. We walked together for some time, during which he talked over his troubles with me. Suddenly a carriage drove up which was to take me to a distant engagement. After a hurried adieu we parted, never to see each other again. He soon left for British Columbia. Our correspondence was not resumed, a fact which I note with regret.

J. C.



Though we number among our contributors and well-wishers queens of song and queens of society, and, what is better still, queens by right divine as dispensers of all the sweet boons with which gentle womanhood solaces humanity, gracious words and acts of kindness, it is not often that we are favoured with a message from a real queen, who sits upon a real throne and receives homage from real subjects. The message to which we would call attention as thus exceptional comes from South-Eastern Europe, from that isolated fragment of the Latin race, which enshrines in its name—Roumania—the prized tradition of a descent to which the tongue of its people bears witness. The Queen of Roumania is not, however, of Latin, but of Teutonic stock. She comes of a mighty race of rulers, who made their mark in the world with the sword more often than with the pen. The line from which she is sprung can be traced back directly, from generation to generation, for fully eight centuries. Yet, in that long duration, the house of Wied produced no scion more worthy of the world's esteem than the gifted daughter of the philosophic Prince Hermann, Elizabeth, Queen of Roumania. It has fallen to this exalted lady to play several rôles on the stage of thought and action. Born on the 29th of December, 1843, she spent her early years chiefly at Neuwied or Monrepos. Her love for study was soon manifested, history, mythology, poetry—all knowledge, in fact—having a constant charm for her. She learned languages, was taught botany and other branches of sciences, became acquainted with the great writers of the Fatherland—with some of them personally—and long before her 17th year had made her first essays in the art of poesie. Her devotion to that art and that enthusiastic love of nature that accompanies such devotion may be inferred from the name by which she chose to be known to the world of letters. "Carmen Sylva" is probably a familiar name to many, who do not know that the possessor of it is a queen. A New York firm has just brought out a tasteful volume of translations from her poetry, under the title of "Songs of Toil," in which the German and English occupy opposite pages. It contains "The Potter's Song," "The Miller's Song," "The Fisherman," "The Glass-blower," "The Letter-Carrier," "The Weaver," "The Stonecutter," and other ditties of the same class, which fully justify the title and bear witness to the breadth and sincerity of the august author's sympathy with the lowliest walks of life and the humblest forms of labour. On another occasion we shall have more to say of "Carmen Sylva" and her work.

"Spanish Ballads," is the title on the back of an exquisite little volume, so tastefully ornate that we wonder whether the interior will fulfil, in solid worth, so fair a promise. On opening it, we meet with an old, unforgotten friend of our days of romance. The book is a new edition of Lockhart's famous collection of "Ancient Spanish Ballads, Historical and Romantic," with illustrations by William Allen, R.A., David Roberts, R.A., etc.—in fact, a reproduction of the revised edition of 1841. It belongs to a series called "Knickerbocker Nuggets," first because the volumes composing it are printed at the "Knickerbocker Press," and secondly, because a "nugget" is defined as "a diminutive mass of precious metal." We would advise all our friends who are hunting for gold in the field of literature, to look for these nuggets. They include "Gulliver's Travels," Moore's "Irish Melodies," Macaulay's "Lays of Ancient Rome," and other gems of letters in a form which makes them more than ever desirable.

A combination of causes has tended to push the art of letter-writing into comparative desuetude. Nevertheless, that it is still cultivated to some extent is shown by the comparatively frequent occurrence of contemporary names in a work just issued from the Knickerbocker Press, under the comprehensive title of "British Letters Illustrative of Character and Social Life." The editor, Mr. Edward T. Mason, is well known by some previous works of the same kind, "Personal Traits of British Authors," "Humorous Masterpieces," etc. Some years ago Mr. W. Baptiste Scoones prepared an interesting volume of selections, which was published under the title of "Four Centuries of English Letters," beginning with the correspondence of the Paston family and ending with that of Charles Kingsley. Mr. Mason's plan is different. Instead of arranging his material in chronological order, he classes it according to the subjects of which it treats. For instance, in the first volume we find "Autobiographic Sketches," "Glimpses of men and women," "The family"; in the second, "Manners, customs and behaviour," and "National traits," and in the third, "The Town," "The Country," "Whim and fancy," and so on. Certainly there is reading here for many a spare hour, reading for all moods, didactic, gossip, humorous, moralizing, satirical, descriptive, calculated both to please and to profit, but never to bore, for one can drop his correspondent without offence when he feels inclined. Moreover, there is a carefully compiled index, so that he can come upon his favourites with the least possible trouble. Altogether, it is a work to be grateful for, and we thank Mr. Mason and his publishers for their gift.

"The Regulations of the Provincial Board of Health for the Direction of Local Boards of Health of the Province of Quebec" is a booklet that every citizen should carefully study. How much the moral and intellectual well-being and progress of a community depend upon its observance of sanitary laws it ought to be needless for us to insist. There are some truths, however, which cannot be too frequently or too earnestly impressed upon people's attention, and the appearance of this publication reminds us that we have at least an organization that will allow the public neither to ignore nor to neglect one of its most important duties. The Provincial Board of Health is composed of Dr. E. Persillier-Lachapelle (President), Montreal; Dr. Remi F. Rinfret, Quebec; Mr. Henry R. Gray, Montreal; Dr. C. E. Lemieux, Quebec; Dr. J. B. Garneau, Ste. Anne de la Pérade; Dr. R. L. MacDonnell, Montreal; the Hon. A. H. Paquet, M.D., St. Cuthbert; Dr. Elzéar Pelletier (secretary), Montreal; and Dr. J. A. Beaudry, Medical Inspector, Montreal.

MR. CHARLES MAIR ON FRENCH CANADA.

The following is that portion of the speech of Mr. Charles Mair, the poet, at the banquet given to Col. Irvine, in Prince Albert, N.W.T., which specially refers to the French speaking section of our people. That portion of Mr. Mair's eloquent and patriotic address which dealt with the settlement and character of the United Empire Loyalists, and with the stand made by united French and British Canada in resisting invasion, we reserve for another issue:

In responding to the toast of "The land we live in," Mr. Mair, after referring in complimentary terms, which the audience confirmed by its applause, to Col. Irvine's long connection with the Northwest, and the esteem in which he was universally held, said that the sentiment was not confined to our present circumstances, but ran back to the time when the foundations of our country were laid by the energy, devotion and courage of brave men and high-minded women. It is an interesting fact, he said, that these foundations were laid through national rivalries and racial antagonisms, and were cemented, not only by conquest, but by defeat. Had France, for example, been blessed in the middle of the last century by a patriotic and energetic king; had her destinies not been controlled by abandoned women, and her colonial empire not been traduced by sceptical philosophers, the peace of Paris would, in all likelihood, be a still unwritten treaty, and we,

gentlemen, would not be here to-night. For it was the settlers of New France—the inhabitants of the suppositional "barren leagues of snow" who, almost alone, understood and advocated the true policy for France; and who, though unable to control it, though plundered, and, finally, abandoned in their extremity by their mother country, yet fought for her to the bitter end, and only yielded when resistance was no longer possible. This people is the primary constituent of our Canadian nationality, allied with us in the carrying down of British liberty upon this continent; and, thanks to the wisdom that lies in generosity and clemency, thanks to the winning power of justice and of institutions based upon it, we have in our French Canadian fellow subjects to-day a people, he believed, as jealous for the preservation of that liberty as the descendants of the British people in Canada themselves. That clemency and generosity, as history tells us, gentlemen, was amply repaid by the loyalty of the French Canadians in the hour of trial. In the war of American Independence every effort was made to detach them from the British interest. They were alternately flattered and threatened by American emissaries; yet, though their mother country was actively co-operating with the American insurgents, they, in the mass, remained true to their new allegiance, and were the means of saving Canada to the British crown. Mr. Mair said he referred to those matters because it had become the fashion of certain annexation newspapers to rail at what they chose to call "French aggression." Complaint is made that the French Canadians are actually prolific and are multiplying; that their industrious habits are telling against our own people; and it is even alleged as a sinister fact that they look to France with pride as the cradle of their race. Now, gentlemen, if there is aggression, let us meet it, not by whining and complaint, but in the proper spirit. Fertility and industry are not vices; they are virtues. Let us not only equal, but strive to surpass, our French Canadian compatriots in reproductiveness, in industry, and in that unity of sentiment which characterizes them, but which does not, as yet, distinctly characterize us. We shall then have nothing to fear from aggression—we shall be able easily to cope with it. Nor is the affection of the French Canadian for France objectionable. If that affection is a crime, then it is a crime in him who now addresses you to think of Scotland with love, because she is the land of his forefathers; it is a crime in some friends near him to love Ireland, or England, for a similar reason. No, gentlemen, it is an honour to the French Canadian that he reverences France—a country which, with all her faults and excesses, we of British descent cannot help but respect; a country which has wrung freedom from despotism many a time, and which has been, is now, and, he hoped, would ever continue to be, one of the most illustrious nations in the world.

VILLANELLE.

THE ICE CASTLE.

The castle gleams with silver snow,
Now fall'n from Heaven or clouds it seems,
How bright its towers and turrets glow!

Like tale in childhood long ago,
Or vision from the land of dreams,
The castle gleams with silver snow.

And gazing from the Square below,
From every point a glory streams;
How bright its towers and turrets glow!

No task to ramble to and fro
Mid frigid halls, young Baptiste deems;
The castle gleams with silver snow.

And high o'er all where breezes blow
The chimes ring as the castle gleams,
How bright its towers and turrets glow!

But walls and towers shall lesser grow—
Soon fade those bright electric beams;
The castle gleams with silver snow,
How bright its towers and turrets glow!

ROBT. STANLEY WEIR.



WINTER SCENE: GOVERNMENT HOUSE.

ST. JOHN'S, NEWFOUNDLAND.

(Engraving kindly loaned by the *Evening Telegram*, of St. John's, Nfld.)



SEALING STEAMERS IN THE ICE.
HARBOUR GRACE, NFLD.

(Engraving kindly loaned by the *Evening Telegram*, of St. John's, Nfld.)



Our Homes.

PURE AIR.—When the weather admits of it, windows should be opened freely that the wind may blow through the rooms, and the oftener the better. But constant ventilation is indispensable to health. To warm the outer air when it comes in will of course require extra fuel, but better to pay a coal bill than a doctor's bill, or even, in this essential, than a butcher's bill.

ROSES FOR THE HOUSE.—We will suppose you would like six roses for your window garden, this winter; allow me to choose for you. First, I would select a fine old variety known as the Monthly Cabbage. Its flowers are so full that it has been called the rose of one hundred leaves, very fragrant, and of a bright rose-pink colour. Very likely your mother had one in her girlhood. I have one growing vigorously and it budded so young that I picked them off. Next, you will choose a snow-white one, and in Marie Guillott you will find that. It is very large and has a sweet tea scent. Next, I suggest a William Francis Bennett, which will give you beautiful buds. Fourthly, get a Marquise de Vivens, the colour which is a novel shade of rich violet crimson, with centre and base of petals creamy yellow, exquisitely tinted with salmon and fawn, large full flowers, very sweet, and a constant and profuse bloomer; the Perle des Jardins and a lovely miniature Polyantha will close the list. Now you must pot them in good, rich soil, water, and set in the shade for a day or two, then expose to the sunlight.

THE BEST EXERCISE FOR CHILDREN.—Instinctive gymnastics is, from the hygienic point of view, the best adapted to the regular development of the child. It is not liable to any of the objections we have brought against gymnastics with apparatus. It cannot deform the body, for it is made up of spontaneous movements, and conformed to the natural office of each limb. It does not localize the work in a particular region of the body, for all the limbs are instinctively invited to take their quota of exercise; and it does not seduce the child into efforts touching upon the limits of his strength. Instinct also invites him to the kind of work which is best adapted to his particular aptitudes for resisting fatigue. He has a natural disposition to perform light but frequently recurring acts, quick motions, which put him out of breath, while exercises with apparatus rather exact, slow and intense efforts, that bring on local fatigue. Now, all observers have noticed the wonderful facility with which a child recovers his breath, and his impatience of local fatigue. Finally, natural exercise, being the satisfaction of a want, is by that very fact a pleasure; and joy shines in the face of the child who is playing freely.—*Popular Science Monthly* for February.

BOOKS OF 1888.

The past year has been very prolific in books, not good books particularly—just books. The editor of the *Publishers' Weekly* writes to us that his incomplete list for 1888 already exceeds that of 1887 by several hundred titles, which means, we should say, a total of about 5,000 books for the year. This means the issue of a book every two hours during the year. An imposing procession, but how preposterous in retrospect! Of this brave array, stretching from the first to the last day of 1888, how many that are new have forced a way to our literary table; how many will gain entrance to our book shelves? Perhaps a score.

Of course, the special student has not been idle. Of the making of his books there is no end. He has enriched in this twelvemonth the myriad departments of science with a thousand monographs. In belles lettres he has been especially busy with contributions to the dozen and one popular series of brief biographies. But the best of these are

still written in England, and for Mr. Gosse's "Congreve" and Mrs. Green's "Henry II." we are this year devoutly grateful. Frenchmen, following suit with their *Grands Ecrivains*, have written admirably in this field, and translations of their works (chiefly fiction) are among the year's books. We have had considerable of Tolstoi and the Russian realists, another volume from Renan, several from Galdos, one each from Daudet and Zola, two from Pierre Loti, and the masterpiece of Bjornson. But of all the translations Dr. Crawford's "Kalevala" is the most noteworthy. Miss Wormeley's fine rendering of Balzac's "Comedie Humaine" has progressed towards completion, and a half dozen houses have issued handsome editions of Hugo.

No living master poet or novelist has written a masterpiece. Tennyson and Browning have been virtually mute; Swinburne sang a little in a minor key; Sir Edwin Arnold was lyrically delightful "With Sadi in the Garden;" Lowell and Holmes published each a volume of rather fugitive verse; the complete edition of the writings of Whittier is still in course of publication, and Walt Whitman has doubtless said his last word in November Boughs. In fiction it is only quality we have missed. Stevenson, Black, Besant, Shorthouse and Payne abroad, and Cable, Howells and James at home, have been fecund enough, but saving, perhaps, Mr. Cable's "Bonaventure," and reserving judgment on Mr. Stevenson's unfinished "Master of Ballantrae," hardly equal to their best.

It has been a great year for women. We should have said this at the beginning, for 1888 will be remembered in the publishing trade and by the readers of books, through "Robert Elsmere," "John Ward," and "The Quick or the Dead?" We should really include "The Story of an African Farm," though written five years ago.

THE WINTER SPARROW.

Poor little ball of feathery fluff,
Perching high in the leafless trees!
Little grey coats, all rumpled and rough,
Blown about by the frosty breeze.
"Cheap! Cheap!"
Bread is cheap, and there's plenty there.
Flutter down to your frugal fare.
"Quick! Quick!"

Never another bird to be seen,
Frost and snow have frightened them all
To southern groves where the leaves are green,
Only this fluffy brown-grey ball.
"Cheap! Cheap!"
Lodgings ought to be cheap for you,
Hide in the straw the cold night through.
"Quick! Quick!"

Come, you pretty, blown-about elf,
With a patch of black on your soft grey breast,
Perch on my finger and warm yourself,
Nestle down in my hand for a rest.
"Cheap! Cheap!"
The price of freedom is never cheap.
Farther away with a fluttering leap.
"Quick! Quick!"

Bright little beady, questioning eyes!
Frail little feet, that closely cling
To the swaying branch while the fierce wind flies,
And sifts the snow on your ruffling wing!
"Cheap! Cheap!"
Brave little bird, not long will it be
Till spring makes the sunbeams cheap and free.
"Quick! Quick!"

Montreal.

HELEN FAIRBAIRN.

OUR BIRTHRIGHT.

Go! read the patent of thine heritage,
Inscribed in glowing words that flash and burn
With pregnant import. Con it well and learn
The thrilling tale that lights the storied page.
See Faith and Valour hand-to-hand engage
Opposing powers, and by their prowess turn
The Wild into a puissant Realm, and earn
A deathless fame, bright to the latest age!
'Tis thine and mine! Shall we then hold it light—
Despise our birthright, as some base-born churl,
And recreant yield it with a nerveless hand,
Or stain our scutcheon with a Judas blight?
When traitors hiss do thou, indignant, hurl
Thy challenge back: "It is my native land!"
Montreal.

SAMUEL M. BAYLIS.

THE WRAITH OF THE RED SWAN.

THE LEGEND.

Now, Louis was lithe and tall, more than all the Abenakis, and dearly was he loved in the land of the dwellers under the morning. For there his mother bore him, when the wild black cherry trees were heavy with fruit, and there was his home.

And Louis was the builder of the Red Swan—that long canoe ye hear the old men tell of in early springtime, when the rivers grow blue again, and the sun is very quiet at evening, and all the children are still to listen. Among all the canoes of the Abenakis, of the Micmacs and the Melicetes, since Glosscap went away, there was no canoe like to the Red Swan. One score and twenty span was the length of her—two score span in all—of one bark throughout, from bow to bow. There was no seam in any part of her, and the bark that went to the building of her grew near upon the wells of the Upsalquitch, in the far North, in winter. Very swift she was, and of a ruddy brown colour, red as the dry pine dust—the dust of the fallen pine tree after many summers, where the partridge comes to sun her wings. She was deep, too, and narrow. In rapid and in storm the Red Swan had the wings of the sunset when the wind is strong out of the place of his going down. And this is how she had her name, from her lightness and her swiftness, and all the joy she felt in the courage of her flight abroad. In storm upon the lakes she was brave, light as a thistle fleck upon the air, sinewy as an eagle in the gale's teeth. Yet none but Louis was master of her; none other could bear her a stone's cast. Only Louis had the strength of her swiftness; with one hand he would fondle the spring of her bar, then urge a little, and straightway she would light upon his shoulder, like a bird from the sea. And many an arrow flight he bore her through the streaming sunshine, under the autumn woods, from lake to lake, and grew not old of the burden. Her sail was woven of flax and grained with a crimson grain, and, when north wind came down the reach and filled the belly of it, from clew to clew, it was like a little cloud before the rising sun; so that the sound of the ripple from her side, when the blue flaws kissed it and lapsed and fled away aft, merry and daring with love of her, was sweeter to the Abenakis than the wing of the lonely bank-martin in May fore-running his tribe; sweeter than the flicker's rally and hail when the long thaw has settled down on swamp and hill, and waking beech woods drifted in with sun.

But of all, to see the Red Swan make up against the rush and spume of a rapid was a thing worth far travel. For Louis would set the long white pole with both hands, then lean a little forward where he stood, half way from the middle and the stern, and whisper through his teeth. Presently she would give a tremour; once more the peeled white spruce would go plumb down and lodge among the stones; then she would lift and start and glance away into the fury of it, buffeting the foam-heads, and shouldering aside the quick tawny spume. Little by little and span by span, straining and arrowy and wild, she would gain upon the sweeping hurry of the rapid, between the black ledges and from eddy to eddy, till it made the hair upon your neck creep and chill for gladness at the brave way she fared, and one last bound and plunge sent her rippling safe above the topmost brink of the broken water, up into the brown pool beyond.

The paddle of her master was a span wide in the blade of it, and eight span long, for that was the height of Louis when he stood up in the stern. It was of sugar-maple, very white and hard, and the name of it was Whitehaulm, for it was the helm of the Red Swan, and white like the bills of the snow-birds. No Abenaki could bend it, and no stranger was found could give it spring, but to Louis's hand it was a young willow full of sap. The Red Swan felt him and quivered; her fragrant cedar caught live joy at his hand, and she shot along the water of the stream, devouring the sunroad as she flew.

Then it happened that Louis went down the Welaastook, through the terrible jaws of its mouth,

to come to the people of the Penobscot, who dwell by the islands of the Passamaquoddy. And after midyear, when the lilies bloomed in the meadows of the Nashwaak, he would return. And that was the setting out of his Westward journey.

But now many winters have sifted through the spare grass, brown and tall in the meadowlands of Nashwaak, and the Red Swan comes by that place no more. And long time the Abenakis mourned for Louis. For their story told not of any like him for the beauty of his face and the swiftness of his stroke, and the after-time shall not see the likeness of his great heart, who was so dear to all the dwellers under the morning. And even now they dream of his coming.

THE LYRIC.

Why carries the flash of his blade?
At morning he sailed from me,
From the depth of our high beech glade
To the surges and the sea;
I followed the gleam of his blade.
The cherries were flowering white,
And the Nashwaak Islands flooded,
When the long Red Swan took flight;
On a wind she scudded,
With her gunwale buried from sight,
Till her sail drew down out of sight.
He shouted: "A northward track,
Before the swallows have flown!"
And now the cherries are black,
And the clover is brown,
And the Red Swan comes not back.
The stream-bends, hidden and shy,
With their harvest of lilies are strewn;
The gravel bars are all dry
And warm in the noon,
Where the rapids go swirling by,—
Go singing and rippling by.
Through many an evening gone,
Where the roses drank the breeze,
When the pale slow moon outshone
Through the slanting trees,
I dreamed of the long Red Swan.
How I should know that one
Great stroke, and the time of the swing
Urging her on and on,
Spring after spring,
Lifting the long Red Swan,
Lifting the long Red Swan!
How I should drink the foam—
The far white lines from her swift
Keen bow when, hurrying to come,
With lift upon lift
The long Red Swan came home!
Here would I crouch down low,
And watch the Red Swan from far,
A speck in the evening, grow
To a flaming star
In the dusk as of ages ago.
In the dusk of ages ago.
I would lean and, with lips apart,
See the streak of the Red Swan's fire
Glow dim at the twilight's heart,—
Feel the core of desire
From the slumber of years upstart.
How soon should the day grow wan,
And a wind from the south unfold,
Like the low beginning of dawn,—
Grow steady and held
In the race of the long Red Swan,
In the race of the long Red Swan.
How glad of their river once more
Would the crimson wings unfurl,
And the long Red Swan, on the roar
Of a whitecap swirl,
Steer in to the arms of her shore!
But the wind is the voice of a dirge.
What wonder allures him, what care,
So far on the world's bleak verge?
Why lingers he there,
By the sea and the desolate surge,
In the sound of the moan of the surge?
Last midnight the thunder rode
With the lightning astride of the storm
Low down in the east, where glowed
The fright of his form
On the ocean-wild rack he bestrode.
The hills were his ocean wan,
And the white tree-tops foamed high,
Lashed out of the night, whereon—
In a gust fled by
A wraith of the long Red Swan,
A wraith of the long Red Swan.

Her crimson bellying sail
Was flecked with brine and spume;
Its taut wet clew, through the veil
Of the driving fume,
Was sheeted home on the gale.

The shoal of the fury of night
Was a bank in the fog, where through
Hissed the Red Swan in her flight;
She shrilled as she flew,
A shriek from the seething white,
In the face of the world grown white.

She laboured not in the sea,
Careened but a hand breadth over,
And, the gleam of her side laid free
For the drift to cover,
Sped on to the dark in her lee.

Through crests of the hoarse tide-swing
Clove sheer the sweep of her bow;
There was loosed the ice-roaring of Spring
From the jaws of her prow,—
Of the long Red Swan full wing.
The long Red Swan full wing.

Where the rake of her gunwale dipped
As the spent black waves ran aft,
In a hand for helm there was gripped
The sheen of a haft,
Which sang in the furrows it ripped.

Then I knew and was glad, for what foam
Could the rush of her speed o'erwhelm
If Louis and his Whitehull
Were steersman and helm,
When the long Red Swan drave home,
When the long Red Swan drave home?

Yet ever the sweeping mist
Was a veil to his face from me,
Though yearning, I well half wist
What his look might be
From the carven bend of his wrist.

Then a break, and the cloud was gone,
And there was his set keen face
Afire with smouldring dawn
In the joy of her race,
In the flight of the long Red Swan,
In the flight of the long Red Swan.

Though drenched in the spray-drift hoar,
As of old it was ruddy and warm
Through the black hair, grizzled and frore,
Whipped out on the storm;
Then "Louis!" I launched on the roar.

O'er night and the brawl of the stream
The hail of my cry flew on;
He turned with a smile supreme,
And the long Red Swan
Grew dim as the wraith of a dream,
As the blown white wraith of a dream.

Look! Burnished and blue, what a sweep
Of river outwinds in the sun;
What miles of shimmering deep
Where the hills grow one
With their shadow of summer and sleep!

I gaze from the cedar shade
Day long, high over the beach,
And never a ripple is laid
To the long blue reach,
Where faded the gleam of that blade,
The far gold flash of his blade.

I follow and dream and recall,
Forget and remember and dream;
When the interval grass waves tall,
I move in the gleam
Where his blade-beats glitter and fall.

Yet never my dream gets clear
Of the whispering bodiful spell
The aspen shudders to hear,
Yet hurries to tell—
How the long Red Swan draws near,
How the long Red Swan draws near.

CANADA.

Our glorious heritage shall we forego,
In that far land? Forbids the loud refrain
Alike from mountain peak, from smiling plain;
Our oceans three with wild waves echo—"No."
To gain our varied wealth, as friend or foe
Our wily neighbour stretches wide in vain
Her arms. For twice have we of this domain
Thrown back her hostile bands with forceful blow
From crimsoned heights, from eastern citadel.
Our north wind's breath has fostered, son and sire
No weakling race; has kissed the maiden fair,
And given her cheek its wild rose hue. Here dwell
With freedom, hope, just laws, their heart's desire,
True British sons. To break that tie beware!

Niagara, March 1.

JANET CARNOCHAN.



A religious contemporary which points out that pugilists are "almost exclusively men who are without any religious instinct," forgets that they are all devoted musclemen.

Lady (to applicant for coachman): Are you an Englishman? Applicant: No, mum; I was born in Ireland; but I've lived so long in Ameriky that I s'pose I do seem quite English, you know.

In most semi-civilized countries the coin of the realm is perforated in order that it may be strung on a wire or cord for convenience in carrying. Drop your punched quarters in the missionary box.

Courtesy.—Brightly: "What would you do, doctor, if you had a bad cold?" Doctor (crushingly): "I'd consult a reputable physician, sir." Brightly (calmly): "I don't suppose you could tell me where I could find one, doctor, could you?"

Americans must have their little joke, no matter at whose cost. In the cheap restaurants "One Cleveland" has meant a plate of "soup" ever since the 6th of November. If the variety chosen happens to be "mock turtle" the waiter thunders with resonant voice, "One Bayard!"

At the De Gatheremin Dinner.—Cadby Brannue (to Mr. Madison Squeer: Look out, Squeer! If you eat any of that terrapin, you'll go to bed to-night and dream of your grandfather. Mr. Madison Squeer: Well, Cadby, there's one comfort—I've got a grandfather to dream about.

Attorney for defence (to man drawn for juror): Permit me to ask you, Mr. Idunno, if you have conscientious scruples against capital punishment? Juror: Hey? Attorney: Are you opposed, on principle, to the execution of condemned criminals? Juror: Huh? Attorney (hastily): We'll take this man, your honor.

From a cathedral close comes to us the story of a discussion concerning a certain gentleman who was blessed with a nose of Bardolphian size and colour. "He must be a heavy drinker," said one cleric. "Not at all!" said another; "I knew his father and his grandfather, and they had the same unfortunate kind of nose." "Ah!" was the reply, "evidently a case of *damnum hereditas*."

When catechising by the Scottish clergy was customary the minister of Coldingham, in Berwickshire, asked a simple country wife who resided at the farm of Coldingham Law, which was always styled "the Law" for brevity's sake, "How many tables, Janet, are there in the law?" "Indeed, sir, I canna jist be certain," was the simple reply; "but I think there's ane in the fore room, ane in the back room, an' enither upstairs."

A man who wanted to learn what profession he would have his son enter, put him in a room with a Bible, an apple and a dollar bill. If he found him when he returned reading the Bible, he would make a clergyman of him; if eating the apple, a farmer; and, if interested in the dollarbill, a banker. When he did return he found the boy sitting on the Bible with the dollar in his pocket, and the apple almost devoured. He made a politician of him.

Madam's small boy has broken out in a new place. He had been visiting one of his school-mates, and he came back with a serious face. "Mamma," he said, "I guess it's all right with that piece of poetry you told me about, 'He Doeth All Things Well.'" "Oh, indeed," said madam. "And why?" "Well, I think he did just the square thing in giving me to you instead of to Mrs. Dunnep, for I've been over there three hours, and I know I could never stand that woman!"

A kilted Highlander was in the habit of walking to the nearest town—six miles off—for his provisions. Having on one occasion purchased some matches, he found on his return home, that they were useless. On his next visit to town he took them back, and complained to the grocer's assistant that they would not light. The latter, taking one, drew it in American fashion across his nether integuments, and the match lit. But this demonstration, instead of satisfying him, angered him the more. "And wha," he cried, "is going to travail twelve miles to light the matches on your breeks?"

"Ob what denomination are de chile?" asked an old coloured preacher of a young couple who had brought an infant to him for baptism. "Sah!" said the young father, evidently perplexed by the word "denomination." "I axed you ob what denomination de chile war," repeated the minister, a little severely. The parents looked at each other in evident confusion for a moment, then the father stammered out: "I—I—doesn't know what yo' mean by 'denomination, sah.'" "Houb, yo' don't?" replied the preacher, scornfully. "Well, den, I'll simplify it 'cordin' to yo' ign'ance so yo' kin understand it, Are de chile a boy or a gal chile?"

VICTOR HUGO'S ENGLISH.

Victor Hugo was asked if he could compose English verse. "Mais certainement," replied the poet, and wrote: "Pour chasser le spleen," "J'entrai dans un inn," "O mais je bus le gin," "God save the Queen!"



AT THE MUSEUM.

"This Egyptian Collection, Miss Goldsleeve, contains some very interesting articles, as for instance, these beautiful jars and dishes from the Egyptian Catacombs, of which you, no doubt, have heard."

"Certainly, these must be the celebrated flesh pots of Egypt!"



THE PROBLEM SOLVED.

PROFESSOR (mentally agitated): I have it! Certainly I have it! At last every doubt has vanished! I see it clear; I must book the thought!

HIS YOUNG WIFE: Now, my dear, I presume you have come over to my opinion and have decided in favour of the pink silk, have you not?

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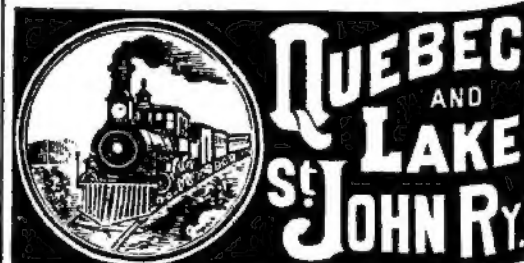
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